ORPHEUS

AND

EURYDICE.

AN

OPERA.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT GARDEN.

By Lewis Theobald.

Set to MUSICK

By *John-Frederick Lampe.*

Sylveſtres Homines, ſacer, Interpreſque Deorum,
Cædibus & Victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus:
Dictus ob Hoc lenire Tigres, rapidoſque Leones.
HOR.

LONDON:

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WITHDRAWN

The ARGUMENT.

ORPHEUS, *the Son of* Apollo, *and the Muſe* Calliope, *a celebrated Poet and Muſician of* Thrace, *was ſo great a Maſter in his Art, that Rivers would ſtop their Courſe, Storms and Tempeſts ceaſe, the moſt ſavage Animals become tame, and Trees and Rocks be moved, influenced by the Power of his Harmony.* Rhodope, *a Queen of* Thrace, *enraged at the Refuſal of her offer'd Love, by her Magick Art raiſed a Serpent, which ſtung his Bride* Eurydice *in the Heel, of which ſhe immediately died.*

Orpheus, *deeply affected with the Loſs of her, went down into Hell after her; where his Muſick ſo prevailed over* Pluto, *that he conſented to reſtore her; but under this Reſtriction, that in conducting her back, he ſhould not look upon her, till they arrived at the Regions of Light. To this he ſubmitted; but moved by the Ardency of his Paſſion, and the Fear of her being loſt in following him, thro' the dreary Mazes of that dark Region, he look'd back, juſt as they were got to the very Confines of Hell: The Fiends carry'd her back, and the Gates were ſhut againſt him.*

This ſecond Loſs of her he ſo regretted, that for her Sake he reſolved never more to entertain Affection for a Woman. Which Reſolution, he not only kept himſelf, but perſuaded his Companions to follow his Example; which ſo enraged the Thracian

The ARGUMENT.

Dames, that in their furious Tranſports, when celebrating the Feſtival of Bacchus, *on the Banks of the River* Heber, *they tore him to Pieces, and ſcattered his Limbs about the neighbouring Fields.* Rhodope *thus robbed of all Poſſibility of ever enjoying him, in Rage, and Madneſs for his Loſs, ſtabbed herſelf. He was afterwards turned into a Swan, and his Lyre placed amongſt the Stars.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Vocal Parts of the following Fable appearing ſomewhat too long in the Practices, made it neceſſary to ſhorten ſeveral of the Scenes: But whatever has been retrench'd, is printed in its proper Place, and diſtinguiſh'd with double *Commas*, that neither the Thread of the Story might be broken; nor Mr. JOHN HILL have any Room for continuing his chimerical Suggeſtions, "That ſuch Parts were "omitted and artfully ſtifled, becauſe ſtolen from "his Opera."

PERSONS

PERSONS in the OPERA.

MEN.

ORPHEUS, Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*, } Mr. *Salway.*
PLUTO, God of Hell, Mr. *Leveridge.*
ASCALAX, Attendant on *Pluto*, Mr. *Laguerre.*
Three Furies.
Fiends attending *Pluto.*

WOMEN.

EURYDICE, Wife to *Orpheus*, Miſs *Young.*
RHODOPE, Queen of *Thrace*, practiſing Art Magick, } Mrs. *Lampe.*
1, 2 } Nymph, { Mrs. *Chambers.* / Miſs *Davies.*
Nymphs attending *Eurydice.*
Bacchants.

COMIC

COMIC CHARACTERS.

MEN.

Harlequin, in Love with *Colombine*, Mr. *Lunn*.
Pantaloon, Father to *Colombine*,
Gawkey, a Country 'Squire, brought up under his Mother's Direction, and design'd to marry *Colombine*, } Mr. *Bencraft*
Drudge, Servant to *Pantaloon*, Mr. *Hippisley*.
Taylor, Shoemaker, Drawer, Hostler, Porter.
A Company of Rural Swains.

WOMEN.

Colombine, in Love with *Harlequin*, Mrs. *Kilby*.
Mrs. *Mannerly*, Mother to *Gawkey*, Mrs. *Martin*.
A Witch, Mother to *Harlequin*.
Frothwell, an Ale-wife.
Maid of the Inn.
Dwarf Woman, Servant to *Colombine*.
A Company of Rural Nymphs.

ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

INTERLUDE I.

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

[*After the Overture, the Curtain riſes to ſlow Muſick; and diſcovers* Rhodope *in a reclin'd Poſture. She riſes, and comes forward.*

RHODOPE *alone.*

VAIN are theſe Sounds, this Seat of Reſt!
Still, ſtill I burn!---Love fires my Breaſt.
O *Orpheus!*---Ha!---am I a Queen?
Ah, no! Love rules my Heart unſeen.
" Ah! What are Sceptres, when they prove
" Too weak to gain the Man I love?
" Yet all I'll try.---Vain Pride, adieu!

AIR.

Kind Powers, aſſwage this killing Smart;
Or give me Death to eaſe my Heart.

[*Exit* Rhodope.

SCENE,

SCENE, *a rocky mountainous Place.*

Enter ORPHEUS *with his Lyre.*

Orph. Amidſt theſe unfrequented Rocks I rove,
From *Rhodope*, the Queen's unhappy Love.
Yet theſe dreary Waſtes among
I tune my ever conſtant Song
To my *Eurydice.*
Eurydice!
Where doſt thou loiter, charming Maid;
" *Fly, ye Moments, ſwifter move,*
" *Bring me Pleaſure, bring me Love;*
" *'Till my Charmer cheers my Sight,*
" *Fancy feels the Gloom of Night.*
" *Bring*, &c.

Enter RHODOPE.

Rho. See, *Orpheus*, ſee---O hapleſs Fate!
This Poſture ill becomes my State.
But, oh, I love! Leave, leave theſe Plains,
The rude Abode of ruder Swains.
Indulge the Queen her plaintive Moan,
Return her Love, and ſhare her Throne.

Orph. Thrones cannot tempt the Soul
Whom Solitude and vernal Joys delight;
In ſoothing Quiet, rural Eaſe,
Orpheus ſtrives to live in Peace.

Rho. This ſoothing Quiet, rural Eaſe,
I know too well for whom they pleaſe;
'Tis here *Eurydice* retires,
To meet thy Love with mutual Fires:
'Tis for *Eurydice* alone
You ſcorn my Love, you ſcorn my Throne.

Orph. Alas! no more.

Rho. Ha! am I ſcorn'd!

Think

Think better, *Orpheus*, and be wiſe:
Delights and purple Greatneſs wooe thee.
Orph. Tempt me no more to leave the Plain:
Thy Love, thy promiſed Thrones are vain. [*Ex.*
Rho. Alas, he's gone!
And Pity dwells not in his ſavage Breaſt.
But whither goes he? O my Heart!
'Tis to *Eurydice* he goes.
But if the Powers of Hell can my Reſentment aid,
He ſhall in Death alone poſſeſs her.

AIR.

Avenging Furies ariſe;
Haſte from the nether Skies,
Aid an injur'd Lover's Rage.
Sting my Rival's Soul with Anguiſh,
'Till, like me, ſhe rave --- and languiſh:
Torture her, my Pains to aſſwage.

[*A Serpent appears, who receives* Rhodope's *Commands, and, thoſe ended, glides off the Stage.*
[*Exit* Rhodope.

Here the Comick Part *begins.*

SCENE, *a Grove terminated with a Water-Fall.*

Enter ORPHEUS *with his Lyre.*

Orph. The Grove is mute, the feather'd Choir
Suſpend their wonted Song,
Till ſhe arrives, whoſe Beauties cheer
And brighten up the Morn.
And ſee, the lovely Maid appears.

Enter EURYDICE, *attended by Nymphs.*

Eur. My *Orpheus!*

Orph. My *Eurydice!*

[*They embrace.*

Eur. Ye Powers! What verdant Scenes are here!

Orph. All Nature ſprings when you appear.

AIR.

Eur. *What Joys the happy Pair await*
In Hymen's *roſy Fetters bound:*
When in the ſoft connubial State,
The Lover *in the* Huſband's *found!*

Orph. *'Tis* Female Sweetneſs *gives us Joy,*
Thro' every varied Scene of Life:
And Marriage Raptures *never cloy,*
Indulgent *from a* vertuous Wife.

DUETTO.

Thus ever renewing Embraces,
A Circle of Pleaſures we'll prove:
No Time thoſe Endearments effaces,
Which are founded on Virtue and Love.

[*They ſit on a Bank, while the Nymphs dance; which ended, they come forward.*

Orph. No more. Now let us part, my Fair,
Each to our rural Care.
May Bleſſings ſtill thy Steps purſue!

Eur. Orpheus, my faithful Swain, adieu!

[*Exit* Orpheus.

Your Sports purſue, while, fleet as Air,

[*To the Nymphs.*

I fly, my Grotto to prepare.

Hither

Hither again ſhou'd *Orpheus* ſpeed,
O call me from the neighbouring Mead.
[*The Nymphs continue dancing.*

ORPHEUS *returns.*

Orph. Where is my ſweet *Eurydice?*
Nymp. Her Grotto ſhe prepares for thee,
And thy Return impatient waits.
A Nymph enters affrighted.
Nym. O Sight of Woe!
Orph. What pale Affright ſits on thy Cheek?
Why burſt thoſe Tears?
'Tis for *Eurydice*, I fear.
Nym. She dies! ſhe dies!
Orph. What do I hear? Avert it, Gods!
Nym. From out the Mountains buſhy Sides
A Serpent, with indented Glides,
Came forth, and pierced her tender Heel.
But ſee, ſhe comes, a Look to ſteal,
A Sigh from *Orpheus* e'er ſhe die.
Orph. Oh! let me meet her fainting Eye.
[Eurydice *is led in by two Nymphs, the reſt grieve over her.*
Orph. O cruel Gods! O Fate unjuſt!
Eur. Waſte not a falling Tear on me:
O think, we part, my faithful Swain,
To meet in happier Climes again.
O *Orpheus!* lo, I die, I die!
" *But, ah! no Pains in Death I find*
" *Like thoſe of leaving you behind!*
Orph. Alas! thy blooming Colour fails!
Thy Eyes grow dim!---*Eurydice!*
Eur. No more.
I die within thy Arms. Now all is o'er. [*Dies.*
Orph. The Muſick of her Tongue is fled;

Cold Death has ſeiz'd on all her Charms:
Orpheus ſhall ſnatch her from his Arms!
No---Rage is vain.---It will not be.
O loſt *Eurydice!*

[Eurydice *is born off by the Nymphs*, Orpheus *mourning over her.*

The Comic Part continues.

INTERLUDE II.

SCENE, *Hell.*

Enter PLUTO, *and Attendants.*

Plut. WHAT daring Mortal, who yet draws
The Breath of upper, vital Air,
Preſumes to treſpaſs on our Realms?
Am I the leaſt of all the Gods,
That I'm ſo little fear'd?
Some raſh, adventurous Son of *Jove*,
Arm'd with the Thunder of his Sire,
Comes to invade my Throne!
Bid all the avenging Powers of Hell
Inſtant unite their potent Bands;
Our Empire is at Stake.

AIR.

Give the Alarm,
Let us arm,
And this inſolent Mortal repel:
Chor. *Give the Alarm*, &c.

Plut.

Plut. *Nought ſhould ſave*
The bold Slave,
Who thus raſhly dares violate Hell.

Chor. *Give the Alarm*, &c.

[Soft Muſick at a Diſtance.

Plut. What diſtant Sounds ſteal thro' the Night!
[*Muſick louder.*
O ſoothing Softneſs! vaſt Delight!
But 'tis not now a Time
To waſte in ſoft deluding Sounds,
When ſtern Rebellion's at our Gates.
Therefore to Arms---to Arms!
[*An Alarm.*

Enter a Shade.

Shade. Pardon, great King. that I appear---
The very Fiends their Taſks forbear;
The Vulture now *Prometheus* leaves,
Nor *Siſyphus* his Burthen heaves;
Ixion ſmiles upon his Wheel,
And all thy Realms the powerful Influence feel.

Plut. I feel it too. Ha! Whence that Throng?

Shade. See, *Orpheus* comes, from *Phœbus* ſprung
And Heir to his all-potent Song;
Unhappy Shades his Sounds adore,
And dream of Bliſs unknown before.

Plu. Fiends, this preſumptuous Wretch oppoſe.

[Orpheus *enters, as the Poets deſcribe him, with a Lyre, and a Crown of Bays.*

Orph. Monarch of Night, whoſe awful Sway
Theſe incorporeal Shapes obey,
Relenting hear.
" By no preſumptuous Motives led,
" I on thy dreary Confines tread:

" I

" I mourn a Wife ;---a Virgin Wife, whoſe Charms
" Ne'er yet had bleſs'd theſe longing Arms :
" By rigid Death's remorſeleſs Doom
" She's ſnatch'd away, in Beauty's Bloom.
By all thoſe Charms thy Queen inſpir'd,
When in ſweet *Enna*'s Plains retir'd,
Attend a Lover's Prayer.

Plut. Theſe Strains unheeded Power diſpenſe,
Like rich Perfumes, they charm the Senſe !

Orph. Among thy Shades there roves this Fair,
Unbodied, Form of fleeting Air.

AIR.

Orph. *Oh! to my Arms reſtore* Eurydice!
Or, never, never more
Set Orpheus *free.*
But let him rove,
A Form of Air,
Thro' Bowers of Love,
To ſeek the Fair.

Plut. O wond'rous Power of Sound, to move
Hell, and its King, to Thoughts of Love !
Orph. *Oh! to my Arms reſtore* Eurydice !

Plut. Thou haſt prevail'd.
Fly, *Aſcalax*, to bliſsful Bowers repair ;
Reverſe her Doom, and bring the willing Fair.
Again *Eurydice* is thine.

[*Exit* Aſcal.

Orph. Thus let me grateful fall, and thank thy Power.

Plut. Ariſe. Let Torment be no more,
Let Anguiſh ceaſe, let Hell be gay ;

Orpheus has bleſt the coming Day.

AIR.

Plut. *Thy tuneful Sire*
Informs the Lyre,
And each melodious Sound is Love.
Theſe melting Strains
Can charm Hell's Pains,
And rigorous Fate itſelf remove.

[*Ex.* Plut.

A Dance of Furies.

[Aſcalax *enters with* Eurydice *veil'd.* Orpheus *and* Eurydice *running to embrace,* Aſcalax *interpoſes.*

Orph. My Life!

Eur. My Love!

Aſc. Lovers, forbear.
Hell's dread Commands with Patience hear.
Pluto thy beauteous Shade reſtores,
To follow thee to happier Shores.
If, e'er you paſs the utmoſt Bound
Of Hell's extended Shade, thou turn thy Eyes,
To ſteal one Look, again ſhe dies,
Again, from thy Embraces, flies.

Orph. O hard Decree!

Aſc. To jealous *Rhodope* you ow'd
Her firſt Diſaſter. Now beware;
The ſecond Crime will be your own.

[*Exit.*

Orph. The rigid Mandate I embrace,
Follow, ſweet Shade, and quit this horrid Place.

[*Exit* Orpheus *followed by* Eurydice.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Part of Hell.*

Orpheus *paſſes over, followed by* Eurydice.

SCENE *changes to a Part of the Confines of Hell.*

Orpheus *appears, and coming out, ſtops and liſtens.*

Orph. My Love! Not anſwer! Oh, my Fear,
Hell's gloomy Shade
Has, ſure, her erring Feet betray'd.
Where art thou? My *Eurydice* appear.

[Orpheus *turns, ſees* Eurydice *following him. Fiends appear and convey her back again.* Orpheus *ſtriving to follow her, other Fiends oppoſe, and drive him out of Hell.*

The Comic Part continues.

INTERLUDE III.

SCENE, *a Solitude.*

Enter Orpheus.

Orph. EURYDICE! the Image of thy Charms
Dwells here, and will for ever dwell.

[*Sits down and plays on his Lyre! and while he is playing, the barren Mountains changes by Degrees into a pleaſant Hill. Trees ariſe, and form a Bower over the Head of* Orpheus.

Enter Rhodope.

Rho. Orpheus, behold, once more a Queen attends,
To ſhare thy Sorrow, tho' deny'd thy Love.
Orph. Ha! *Rhodope!*
Blaſt not my Eyes with thy deteſted Preſence.
In Hell thy killing Malice ſtands diſclos'd;
Thro' thee, and by thy curs'd Command,
The fatal Wound was given to my *Eurydice.*

Rho. If yet thy Heart's ſuſceptible of Pity,
Forgive a Crime
Which Love, and only Love inſpir'd.

Orph. Fell Murtheress, never; and for thy curs'd Sake,
All thy Sex I hate.
Live, and love on; in Torments live,
And wither with Deſpair.
'Twill feaſt my Soul; and pleas'd Revenge
Shall triumph in thy Pains.

[*Exit.*

Rhodo. Miſtaken, fooliſh, idle Wretch, farewel.
Too late, alas, the dread Effects thou'lt feel,
And rue, in Death, thy inſolent Diſdain.
For ſoon the *Bacchanalian* Train,
Whoſe Rites thou didſt prophane,
Will ſtrike the Blow,
T'avenge their injur'd God and me.
What ſudden Cold thrills thro' my Veins!
What Shiverings ſeize me!
Perhaps, even now the Stroke is given.

[*Shouts are heard.*

Ah! Hark!---What hideous Noiſe!
O Love, prevent the Doom.

[*Runs out.*

SCENE

SCENE *draws and diſcovers* Orpheus *ſlain.*

[*Several* Bacchants *rejoycing in a triumphant Manner, bearing the Lyre and Chaplet of* Orpheus.

Enter RHODOPE.

Rho. Ha! Horror blaſt my Eyes! The Deed is done!
The Lilly of the World is dead,
And Joy and Hope to *Rhodope* are loſt!
Then periſh, Wretch! For now to live
Is Torment more than Hell can give.
Seize me, ye Furies!---Lo, I come.
Thus my own Hand ſhall ſeal my Doom.
[*Stabs herſelf.*

The Comic Part *continues.*

[*A following Scene was intended to have diſcovered the mangled Body of* Orpheus; *but is omitted on Account of the Length of the Entertainment; in which* Apollo *deſcended and ſpoke the following Words.*

Apol. Dear Offspring of the faireſt Muſe, thy Fate
Draws Tears cœleſtial from a Father's Eye.
But Tears are vain: In Fame eternal live;
Exalted in the Skies, thy Harp ſhall ſhine
And blaze thy Glories through ſucceeding Time.
Thy Mother too, and every Siſter Muſe,

Shall

Shall mourn thy Fall, and conſecrate thy Name:
A Theme for Songs to Ages yet unborn.

The beſt Reward a God can give,
Thou Offſpring of a God, receive,
Thy Praiſe o'er vulgar Fame to ſoar:
The Great *and* Good *can claim no more.*

FINIS.